



# **Steve Has Been Waiting for a Girl Like Nancy Wheeler** **by [holdingoutforapiratehero](#)**

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**Summary:** Nancy Wheeler and Steve Harrington have sex in his room during that one episode. You know which one I'm talking about. Stancy. Canon friendly. Rated M for mature content. One-Shot.

## Steve Has Been Waiting for a Girl Like Nancy Wheeler

*AN: I have watched Stranger Things since the beginning of the series but it wasn't until season 3 that I just burst into the fandom. Steve Harrington is just too cute for words and I was super disappointed when I found out there were no Stancy fics. So here you go. This is their first time that takes place at the end of episode 2 leading into the beginning of episode 3. You are welcome.*

*P.S. It's not weird to write him because the actor is 27. I'm only a year older. It's not weird!*

### Steve Has Been Waiting for a Girl Like Nancy Wheeler

He was the popular heart-throb of Hawkins High. The guy with the right clothes and perfectly quaffed hair. He was the kid with everything he wanted because his parents had money. But there was one thing he desired above all else—

Nancy Wheeler.

She held a certain fascination to him. She was delicate and small. Intelligent and sweet. All the things he wasn't.

She was a web of mystery. One that he longed to unravel; to reveal the layers she hid underneath her demure ankle length skirts and sweater sets.

She was more than just another notch on his bedpost. No, there was something different about Nancy. He had to be on his best behavior with her. He couldn't afford to move too quickly with her, no matter how much he wanted to.

He also couldn't use any of his other tricks he used on his usual girls. She was smarter than that. *His* beautiful Nancy.

He had every intention of leaving so that she could change in private. He was a gentleman after all. But he was still a hot-blooded male.

So when his name fell softly from her lips, he couldn't resist turning back around to look at her. He tried to remain calm as she grabbed

the hem of her shirt and pulled it over her head, revealing a virginal white lace bra.

She was absolutely stunning.

He stood from afar, taking in her appearance like a breath of fresh air. All he could manage in response was a simple "damn." He couldn't believe she had just done that.

She seemed nervous but sure of herself. Blush crept up in her cheeks at his one-word compliment. The way he was staring at her made her skin grow hot.

"Shut up," she said, her face tinted with mild embarrassment at the attention his comment garnered.

Steve took that as an invitation to cross the room with purpose, closing the distance between them. He placed a hand against her cheek, his other hand coming to wrap around her waist as he pulled her breathlessly into his arms.

Her hand came to rest against his chest, feeling the dampness of his sweater underneath her shaky palm.

He holds her face at the back of her head, canting his head as he connects their lips, kissing her deeply.

He tastes of tobacco and cheap beer, the flavor potent on his tongue as it sweeps the inside of her mouth. Her nose is filled with the smell of chlorine wafting from both their bodies wound together as he continues to kiss her.

Their kisses become feverish and desperate against one another's lips. Her heart is pounding in her chest as she strains her lips to reach his and grips the hair at the back of his head for purchase.

She escalates the kiss further, walking them towards his bed, never disconnecting their lips warm embrace.

His hands rove the expanse of her lower back, guiding them to sit on the edge of the bed as he holds her closer to him. Her skin feels like cool silk underneath the warmth of his fingertips and he longs to feel

more of her skin against his.

He wants this. He wants this a little too much and he can sense she feels the same way.

They fall against his bed, Steve on top of her as she holds his face between her hands and massages his lips with hers.

He can hardly stand it any longer. The way her breasts heave against his chest as she breathes between kisses or the way her body pushes up into his for more contact. His resolve crumbles underneath her touch.

He disconnects himself from her long enough to throw his shirt over his head, never taking his eyes off of her as she watches him intently, her breathing uneven and slow. He climbs back on top of her, his body covering hers as he props himself up on his forearm behind her, his eyes searching hers for a hint of uncertainty.

He scans her face as his fingers stroke the wet locks at the top of her head. She is absolutely gorgeous. Her skin flushed, her lips swollen from his kiss, her pupils blown with want. She couldn't be any more perfect if she tried.

Nancy jolts unexpectedly, drawn to a noise outside and she looks over toward the window.

Concern flows through him as her attention is torn away from him and he is suddenly worried that this might not be what she wants. He wasn't ready to part from her just yet but if she decided that this wasn't what she wanted, he would respect her wishes and resign his advances.

"Hey, what's the matter?" He asks, forcing her to look at him as he brushes her hair with his thumb.

"Nothing." She says, shaking off the eerie feeling growing in the pit of her stomach.

He was helpless to hide the smile of relief that crept up onto his face at her wish to continue their actions. His lips returned to hers, molding himself into her.

Her lips were soft and pliant against his, her hands exploring the hard planes of his back.

He trailed hot open-mouthed kisses from her lips to her neck, sucking her pulse point into his mouth as she grinded her hips into his, clutching onto his shoulder as she went.

She moaned as he fervently kissed her neck, her breath hitching as his hand found hers, their fingers curling together against the sheets near her head.

"You are so beautiful." He admired before pulling her back in for another series of searing kisses that leaves her breathless and wanting more.

His hand loosens its grip on hers and his hand and slides down her body's narrow curves and traces the exposed skin just above the waist of her jeans.

Her hands wrap around his head, begging him to look at her.

His eyes seek hers, silently asking permission to unbutton and unzip her jeans.

This had been as far as he had allowed them to go during previous make-out sessions with the exception of getting her shirt completely removed from her body. He had tried to explore the lower half of her body many times and she always put a halt on his expedition. This time was different.

She bit her lower lip nervously and his free hand came to her face to stroke her delicate cheek. "Are you sure?" He breathed out in question.

Nancy nodded her consent, looking at him indirectly in fear of exposing her nerves.

"I've got you Nance," he assured her. "Do you trust me?"

"Yes." She whispered her answer, her voice heady with anticipation.

"I promise, we will go slow. I want you to feel good." He told her

honestly, connecting their foreheads together as he held her protectively in his arms.

Steve released his hold on her, placing a single lingering kiss to her lips as he worked at the fastening of her pants. He tried not to appear too eager as he pushed the button from its button hole and carefully slid the zipper down.

She refused to make eye contact with him as he parted the opening of her jeans to reveal her lacy white panties, ones that matched her bra. She knew that there was always a possibility that she would give into her hormones around Steve, so she always came prepared.

He dropped his head just above her bosom, kissing the tops of her breasts before sinking lower. He trailed his lips down the center of her body, feeling her squirm under his hot breath as he went. He stopped at the waistband of her panties, lowering his nose to nudge them slightly before extending his hands to her hips in order to remove her jeans completely.

Nancy obliged him by lifting her hips from the bed so that he could slide them off her legs and onto the floor.

He sat in the cradle of her thighs, his eyes roving over her slender semi-naked body in complete adoration. "You are gorgeous Nancy Wheeler."

She blushed anxiously, raising her eyes away from his with slight embarrassment.

He smiled at her, lowering himself back down over her to remove her bra from her body.

Her breathing was shaky as he fiddled with the fastenings of her bra. He breathed a sigh of relief when it came undone, falling from her shoulders and exposing the rounded skin just above her nipples. He tugged down the garment from her chest, revealing her pert rosy nipples to the cold air of his bedroom.

He inhaled sharply, cupping one of her breasts in his hand before blowing air onto the stiffening peak sending a shiver down her spine.

He traced the smooth skin of the underside of her opposite breast before rolling her erect flesh with the pad of his thumb while kissing its twin.

She curved herself off the bed and into his hand, moaning at the sensations he was causing.

He drew one of her buds between his lips, suckling gently as he groped the other.

She pushed herself into his eager mouth, her body straining for more contact.

He smirked at her response and switched his actions before repeating the same attentions to her other breast.

"Steve..." She threaded her hand in his hair as she closed her eyes.

He took that as an opportunity to pay her more attention elsewhere. He reluctantly left her breasts, sliding himself down her body, his lips and nose tracing her skin during his descent.

She released a gasp as he placed an open-mouthed kiss to the wet patch between her legs.

He hooked his thumbs into the waistband of her panties, shimmying them down her legs and slipping them off of her feet, baring her completely to him.

Steve hovered over her, stroking her hair in earnest and staring at her beautiful face instead of paying attention to her naked body. "I love you Nance." He confessed, jolting her with his honesty.

She searched his eyes for any hint of deception but found none. She gave him a soft smile, her eyes filling with a bit of moisture.

He returned her smile before sinking his lips back into her neck while his fingers disappeared down the length of her body.

He elicited a sharp moan from her as his fingers swept through her wet folds.



*She was so wet.*

She lurched off the bed into his touch, and he had to suppress an amused chuckle at her reaction.

He teased her entrance slowly with his fingers, while he stroked the delicate pearl at the apex of her thighs. He reveled in her mewls of pleasure, memorizing the sounds she made as he increased the pressure of his thumb on her clit.

Steve kissed her ear, feeling her tremble in his grasp as he continued to caress the little bundle of nerves above her quivering sex. He could feel her clench around his probing fingers and knew she was close.

He picked up his pace as she rocked her hips into his fingers, begging for more contact.

"Steve!" She cried out, shaking and digging her nails into his back as she tumbled over the edge.

He removed his head from the cradle of her shoulder, wanting to watch as she fell apart at his hand; to see the look of rapture over her face as she submitted to her pleasure. He wasn't disappointed with what he found.

Her eyes were screwed shut in ecstasy, her entire body quaking as her orgasm washed over her. She was beautiful.

He worked her down from her high, decreasing the pace of his fingers until he stilled completely.

He allowed her to catch her breath, placing kisses all over her body as he allowed her to recover.

Nancy looked up at him, a look of sincerity and wonderment in her eyes.

He smiled at her sweetly, dropping another kiss to her lips before leaving her briefly to rid himself of his jeans and boxers.

She released a long breath as he returned to the bed, his erection bobbing against his stomach. She could feel him twitching between

her legs, the feeling foreign yet completely exhilarating.

The heat between her legs was practically burning him, her wetness beckoning him forward. He opened up his bedside drawer, fumbling around for the Trojans he stored inside. He closed his hand around the wrapper, gripping it and pulling it out before closing the drawer behind him.

He held himself up on his forearms between her head in an attempt to keep the majority of his weight off of her. "Are you sure?" He asked her again, giving her another chance to back out.

She nodded her head, holding onto his hips.

He stood up on his knees between her legs, opening the package and rolling the condom over his length before settling himself between her thighs. He looked back at her, waiting for her permission to enter her, which she gave with a single firm nod of her head.

Steve was only able to enter her slightly before he met resistance and he went wide-eyed at the reminder that she was in fact a virgin. He knew she hadn't given herself to a man but somehow during the duration of this process he had forgotten. He had never been responsible for taking someone's virginity... at least not until now.

Being as gentle as he could, he pushed himself through her barrier, slowly stretching her. He shifted his face up to read her expression. He could sense that she was mildly uncomfortable and tense so he placed a kiss to her lips to relax her.

"Are you alright?" He asked, concern in his face.

"I'll be alright. Just give me a moment." She looked anywhere but his face.

He kissed her forehead and allowed her to adjust to him until he felt her relax her walls around him. He released a long sigh and permitted himself to pull out slightly before pushing himself back in, feeling her grip him tightly.

His eyes nearly rolled into the back of his head as he did it again, marveling at the way she felt around him. He rocked his hips into

hers with a long deliberate strokes, immersing himself in her warm depths.

He connected their lips again, kissing her in time with his thrusts. He closed his hand around hers, holding at the top of her head, while the other was at her hip, using it to propel himself forward.

"Nance," he moaned against her lips, picking up his pace slightly.

She twined her fingers into his hair encouragingly, holding him against her as he continued to move within her heat.

His thrusts got sloppier the closer he came to finishing, his member pulsing inside of her.

He came with a muffled shout, burying his head in her neck as he peaked.

After coming down from his high, he rolled over off to his side, watching his chest move up and down as he struggled to catch his breath. He looked over at her, doing the same and smiled, stroking her bare shoulder.

He pulled Nancy into his arms, fitting himself into the curve of his body as he spooned her to sleep.

Steve woke up with the sun peeking through the windows of his bedroom and he groaned miserably shoving his head back into his pillow. "Nancy..." he moaned poking his head out. "Nancy?" He called out to her again.

When he didn't get a response, he felt around in the bed next to him to find it completely empty and her clothes gone.

*She was gone.*

AN- I feel physically tortured having to rewind the scenes over and over again for accuracy. I don't know how you can be attracted to a man's breathing but it happened. Can I get workers comp for this? Oh wait, I don't get paid for writing. I realize this probably could have been more graphic (I am a more graphic smut writer) but it's between two teenagers and it's supposed to be a little awkward and sweet

rather than smoldering. I'm sure you understand. Sorry if the ending was crap. I got a little lazy toward the end and my puppy was getting restless.

Also, am I the only one who laughed when he didn't wake up to say goodbye to her? That was so accurate it hurt. I don't think it was because he was a jerk and got what he wanted. I think it's just such a guy thing to do. It takes more out of them for some reason. I think it has to do something with their hormones.